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of the blood but by a scarcity of oxygen which stimulates the bone marrow to unusual activity. The volume of the blood remains the same but the blood increases in richness. It is now contended that the lungs have the power to secrete oxygen. They withdraw the oxygen from the air and add it to the blood. But this is done only when the lungs are forced to act. At sea level the amount of oxygen in the air is larger and the air pressure is heavier. As a result the lungs do not have to secrete it. The oxygen is forced almost mechanically into the blood, and the lungs, through lack of exercise, become weak. At a high altitude the lungs are forced to fight for the scant oxygen of the upper air which develops strength, thus giving the patient the chance to throw off the affliction. When exercising freely in high altitudes, the lungs give off combustion products which cause headaches and mountain sickness.

PIONEER DAYS¹

By HARRIET PEOPLES

As I look over our big state, I cannot but wonder at the great changes that have taken place in the last few years. Railroads and automobiles have taken the place of the old stages with their four and eight horses; little towns, here and there, have sprung up as in a single night on land where once you could ride for miles and miles, seeing only sage brush and a few pine trees on the hillside, with now and then a jack-rabbit. Today we have little ranches with houses and barns, not dirt-roof cabins or straw sheds, but little cottages with good barns full of hay and grain, while orchards and flower gardens all add beauty to them.

Not only has a great change taken place in our schools, in the agricultural and mining world, but also in the medical and nursing world. Fifteen years ago I landed in Montana; after a two-day stay in our capital city, I was sent out to a mining town by one of our leading physicians. My first word of greeting was: "You are too young. What do you know about sick babies?" They evidently were looking for an old lady with strings tied under her chin. After the doctor had given me the orders for my little patients, the mother began telling me where I would find things in the kitchen to prepare the meals. A

¹ Read at the third annual meeting of the Montana State Association of Graduate Nurses, Billings, Montana, June, 1914.

week's washing was also waiting for the nurse, the pile of wood was low, and the cow was *only* to be milked once a day. However, after my feeble efforts of trying to assist the mother with the noon meal, the maid was sent for and for six weeks I made myself busy with my little patients, never investigating what happened to the wood pile or inquiring whether the cow had proper attention.

My next case was in a Jewish family. Again I was too young. My trouble with this case was that I did not stay awake as long as they liked. "Why, the last nurse we had never took her clothes off for four weeks." What would you think of a nurse today who would not change her clothes for four weeks? Can a nurse do justice to her profession if she has not had a proper amount of rest?

After three or four months, going from one case to another, the doctor decided he could trust me out of town, so I was sent up into the mountains, about thirty miles, to a typhoid fever case. My medicine for this case was a package of epsom salt. Orders were, "Make him comfortable as possible," for the poor man was going to die, as his temperature was 106°. When I arrived, I found two little rooms, one small window in the bedroom and a little stove kept red hot, so that the patient would not take cold. Two miners were paid six dollars a day each to look after the man. One quart of milk was taken for nourishment, the cream being taken off for the coffee. The patient had been sick three weeks. During that time, his clothes, which consisted of heavy wool underwear, and his bedding had not been changed. After looking the camp over, the men found three nightshirts and in their search they had spread the news that the patient was to have a bath. When I was half through the bath I looked out of the window and I am sure every man in the camp was looking in to see that young nurse give a man a bath.

Another case—the man had pneumonia. I was told a trained nurse was in charge of the case, that I would get my orders from her, that the patient had been having several alcohol baths during the day. I found the trained nurse was an old lady who had run a boarding house. The alcohol bath was an ounce of alcohol in a gravy bowl, the bowl filled up with warm water. A sponge, as large as the bowl, was used in giving the patient the bath. By no means must the clothes or bedding be removed, for the patient would take cold. I can assure you I made my patient clean and comfortable. My predecessor left the case, saying she would not be responsible for such new fangled ideas. My medicine in this case, as usual, was a package of epsom salt. When

I wanted to give a dose, I found the wife of the patient had given it to her cows. This patient, too, made a good recovery.

Another call—a patient fifty miles from the railroad. The nurse in this case must be a big strong one, who could carry a big man; by all means she must be homely, as this young man was engaged to a very wealthy young girl in the valley. They had read in some book of a patient falling in love with his nurse, and there must be no romance in this case. However, the poor man died in a week. Their question was: What shall we do for an undertaker? I did the best I knew how. They sent the body to the nearest town.

After eighteen months of nursing in little mining towns, going from one case to another, I decided to try a larger place. Here I found most of the people better educated but they were in doubt as to what position a nurse held in the home. Was she to have her plate in the kitchen with the maid or was she to be taken in as one of the family? After the first meal, there was no doubt left in their minds as to where that nurse belonged. Now there are no questions asked as to one's age, strength or how long she can keep her eyes open without sleep. They know we are only human and, to give service, must not only have a proper amount of rest but must have a few hours of recreation.

There is now no reason why the public should remain in ignorance as to the qualifications of the nurse they employ. They can consult the register from which she was secured. Nine years ago last March, a little band of nurses met to organize the first nurses' register in Montana. There were six trained nurses, six or eight experienced nurses; a woman was put in charge of this register and a small fee of \$2 a year was charged the nurses. The president of that register or association is now the worthy president of our State Board, some of the members are members of our State Association. The small fee of \$1 was charged persons getting a nurse through the register. Doctors and patients were only too glad to pay the fee, for they knew whom they were getting. Today we are proud to say we have a number of hospitals and training schools all over the state, nurses' registers are in every city of any size, many counties have their associations; there are several school nurses, one tuberculosis visiting nurse. Only a short time ago I heard a rumor that we are to have in one of our cities a school of instruction for the visiting nurse and social worker. What nurse today is not proud of the little band of nurses that six years ago started to give of their time, money and energy to get state registration? They did their work without the support of the public or physicians. Eight-

een months ago they saw the fruits of their labor and today Montana nurses have state registration.

Montana and Montana nurses are young, but we are proud to know that we can stand beside our sister states, many of them older than we are; not only that, but we shall have a voice in that great national meeting which is to be held in San Francisco, in June 1915.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE¹

By ELIZABETH H. STEELE

Lake Placid, N. Y.

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

—*Abou ben Adhem.*

In a little village in the backwoods region of Illinois, some forty years ago, lived a Jewish family which had come from the borders of the Black Forest to seek a home, independence and religious tolerance in the New World. None other of their race and faith neighbored them for many miles in any direction and the children of the family, consisting of two sons of eight and eleven years, and a daughter, Amelie, of thirteen, attended the day-school with the other village children and also Sunday School at the Baptist Church. Yet the ancient family altar was not neglected on ceremonious Fast Days or Feast Days. The Christian Easter and the Jewish Passover each in turn presented its symbolic mysteries to their youthful minds. The Hebrew *Yom Kippur* (the Jewish New Year) and the Christmas Festival were alike celebrated, the former with all the traditional religious rites, the latter by the giving of presents and the attendance at the yearly Baptist Church Christmas tree.

The village was Baptist to the core, Baptist of the "hard shell" variety, and held yearly revival services, during which "conversions" were made and "souls were saved," chiefly among the younger population, the older residents being already either more or less zealous adherents of the faith or, in a few instances, so hardened to the consequences of unregenerate sin that the most terrible pictures of eternal punishment and damnation on the one hand or glowing descriptions of never-ending rewards and bliss on the other, alike failed to soften their perverted natures.

¹ The following little tale is founded upon fact, and was related to the writer by a friend, who was herself the little "Amelie" of the story.